

More Than Just a Dream (Out of My League)

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More Than Just a Dream (Out of My League)

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Presentation is always a big deal, regardless of who was presenting.

However, it truly was something when a Madrigal presented- it was second only to their gift ceremony. Whenever a Madrigal presented, it gave great hope to those in the Encanto to shoot their shot and prove themselves worthy of becoming a mate to the magical family.

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The day stretched on into the night, and so far Mirabel felt... fine. She didn't feel queasy, her family's comforting scents offsetting her anxiety. As she was escorted to her room for the night by her parents, she slowly felt her nerves creeping up as she still felt none of the tell tale signs. As she laid in bed that night, waiting for what may come, she prayed that she wouldn't be the odd one out yet again.

Notes

Hi this is Plushie reporting to you live from a burning dumpster bringing you this work that's been just about a week in the making after being inspired by the absolute porn powerhouse @miracxmi, who has been such a blessing and a fantastic beta who's commenters notes have filled me with serotonin.

Here are a few notes:

-Please be aware that this is INCEST. AS IN THESE ARE FAMILY MEMBERS GETTING DOWN AND DIRTY. If that's not your flavor, don't even bother getting into this jar.

-I have aged up the characters and modified their appearances after some art I've seen of the two being older with longer hair, so that is mentioned from time to time.

-I honestly do not gaf about how cringe the concept of Omegaverse is to some people or how I am a horrible person for shipping these two, because I will still sleep well at night because I'm actually pretty proud of this and antis can do this nifty thing called Die Mad™

The comments are open to reflect this :))

-I really do not have an excuse other than I crave long form content of this ship. Also I am a proud Borny Hoi.

Now onto the story!

Presentation is always a big deal, regardless of who was presenting.

However, it truly was something when a Madrigal presented- it was second only to their gift ceremony. Whenever a Madrigal presented, it gave great hope to those in the Encanto to shoot their shot and prove themselves worthy of becoming a mate to the magical family.

When Isabela had presented as an omega, it caused quite a fuss. Many an alpha or beta in the village, both male and female, came to Alma with gifts of courtship. Dolores had her own small load of courting offers as well when she presented as a fellow omega, but not quite on the same scale.

Alma Madrigal, an omega herself, had quite strict standards. She rejected almost every single one (in a becoming manner, of course), until Mariano. At one point, as she watched this as a preteen, Mirabel questioned how Tío Felix and her Papa had managed to get her abuela's approval to marry her daughters.

(*"Your abuela took a long time to warm up to your papa,"* Julieta later explained when Mirabel asked while they were preparing the arepas, *"But I like to think he had a head start when he brought his own home made food as a courting gift when he himself was unrepresented."* As her mama smiled in remembrance, Mirabel couldn't help but smile back.)

When Luisa presented as an alpha, she only had one courtship gift from the donkey farmer's son, who was a beta, which her abuela refused to even consider. Mirabel suspects that this correlates to the constant escapes of the donkeys, but they may never know. Lately, though, the two actually proved to be a good match. With Alma no longer breathing down the family's collective necks, Luisa has had time to court him.

Camilo had much more initial luck, however, with his recent presentation. As Mirabel's primo was very good with both women and children, had grown very handsome, and had natural charm, the amount of courtship gifts could have rivaled that of Isabela. Abuela was much less harsh than she had been previously with her granddaughters, and pushed Camilo to choose for himself among the gifts. Camilo, however, passed on every courtship offer he had received, boldly deeming them unworthy.

"None of these feel truly personal. My papa had made my mama a personal canopy for her nest to keep it dry and safe as a courtship gift when she presented as an omega. I want my

pareja to really know *me* and what I like, not just my duties and gift,” her alpha primo explained later as she helped him send back many of the gifts.

As she looked at a few of them, they really were something. She saw rather expensive items in the mix, such as a radiant amulet with intricate carvings, or the clever little jarrón with the same design of Camilo’s ruana instead of the traditional flowers. Despite this, a part of her jealousy agreed that none of them truly suited her primo, as did none of the Betas or omegas he returned them to.

“It also feels like you have someone in mind,” Mira couldn’t help but tease, despite the slight twinge in her chest at the suggestion.

“Mmm... Perhaps. I guess you’ll find out when you see me make a courting gift,” Camilo teased back, a sly smirk on his face as he pulled one of Mirabel’s growing curls. Mirabel pouted as she gently pushed away his hand.

“I thought we told each other everything, primo. I’m hurt,” Mirabel responded, hiding her genuine hurt under a small bit of forced sarcasm. Camilo froze for a second, before he threw his arm around her shoulder and ruffled her hair as a whole, with a wide grin.

“Trust me, you’ll know when it does happen, prima.”

(If Mirabel had made a courtship gift for Camilo, she didn’t tell or show anyone. No one had to know about the meticulously hand crocheted yellow blanket she worked on for months with the thought of his beloved old childhood blanket in mind. Instead, for his birthday, she had made him a new shirt with lizards embroidered at the collar and wrists.

She thinks wistfully on the warmth in the hug of gratitude he gave her, daydreaming that he lingered for just a moment before letting her go. The new citrus note of Camilo’s cinnamon sugar scent had lingered for a while on her blouse after the fact, and distracted Mirabel for the rest of her day.)

Although her relationship with her grandmother, no, her whole family had vastly improved, as her birthday approached, Mirabel couldn’t help but feel anxious. The Madrigal family was

blessed to have as many alphas and omegas as it did, with the two outstanding members being tío Bruno and her own Papa, who initially had rather contentious relationships with her Abuela.

Mirabel feared that if she failed to present as either, she would be placed back in the tiny nursery and ignored by her beloved Abuela yet again after they had rebuilt the love that had been lost after the gift ceremony.

Despite those 3 years after Casita was rebuilt, Mirabel's anxiety never truly went away. The closer her birthday came, the more her base scent of strawberries became sour with her emotions. The fear of being back in the nursery crawled down her back far too often when she was alone.

Thankfully, though, she was not alone often.

Abuela was teaching her the work that went into the community, and how to maintain the casita and candle properly. When she wasn't spending time with Abuela, she was doing tasks for the Encanto, or playing with the village kids, who were often under the watchful eye of Camilo.

These days, Camilo's scent has become much more powerful than normal than it initially was. At first, his scent was an inhibitor to his gift, but it's almost as if he recognized that it was a comfort to the ever tense Mirabel, and didn't wear the special scent inhibitor that he got from one of the merchants. The strong, sweet, and warm smell of her primo made Mira lightheaded and giddy. It did wonders to distract her, and seemed to follow her to bed every night, giving her pleasant dreams. Dreams of her primo's smile, his laughter, and his curls, which had grown longer as the years passed by.

A week before her birthday, as she was running after Antonio in a game of tag, an unfair game as he was on the back of his jaguar, she collided with one of the other village boys by accident. After gaining her bearings after falling flat, she saw a hand reached out to her and looked up.

"Mirabel! It's been a long time!" The broad shouldered young man said, a wide smile on his face. It took Mirabel a moment, looking at the close crop of dark hair and the deep hazel eyes- But it was the smile, and although the intent was different it was the same as-

“Oh. Hola, Diego,” Mirabel said, reluctantly taking his hand. Diego and Mirabel’s history was not the best, as Diego often made fun of and harassed the girl after her gift ceremony disaster. It had gotten physical at a couple points as well, until one day he did it in front of Luisa during her duties and Dolores overheard. That was closer to... 5 years back, if her memory serves her well.

Diego pulled Mirabel up, his smile unfading as he supported her weight easily. He had presented as an alpha the year before, and if Mirabel didn’t know that, the strong smell of smoke and lumber would give it away. Mirabel went to pull her hand away, but couldn’t help but notice that Diego didn’t seem too eager.

“It’s so nice to have run into you- quite literally! How is everyone?” Diego said, rubbing the back of his neck bashfully.

“My family is doing fine. I haven’t seen you since your papa helped us with the Casita,” Mirabel said, before looking around, “Have you seen Antonio?”

“Is he the one you were running after? I lost him as soon as we bumped into each other, but I will help you find him!” Diego said, offering his arm. Mirabel cocked an eyebrow at him.

“Aren’t you supposed to be helping your papa?” She asked, stepping back. Diego took a step forward, his smile not faltering.

“I’m taking a break while he is talking to Señorita Ruiz about the leak in her roof. I have time to help,” He responded, “I have been meaning to talk to you regardless.”

“About...?”

“I just wanted to- ”

“Mira!!” A voice shouted. Mirabel whipped around to see Camilo with Antonio on his back. Antonio waved to Mirabel a sheepish smile on his face. Mirabel immediately brightened, and waved back to them, before noticing the look on Camilo’s face. He didn’t have his usual smile, and his green eyes shone almost poisonously when he saw Diego.

Perhaps he remembered him.

Camilo strided over to the two of them, standing close behind his prima. Mirabel noted his scent seemed sharper than usual, as did Antonio’s grassy scent.

“Mira, we have to be home soon. We should probably get going,” Camilo said, putting his hand on Mirabel’s shoulder. Mirabel looked up at him, noting a hint of worry, and nodded.

“You’re right. Maybe we can talk later, Diego?” She said, looking over at the young man she was talking to. His whole attitude seemed to change into one of annoyance and... wariness?

“Sure. Maybe you can come visit the shop,” Diego said, before reaching over to squeeze Mirabel’s hand. She jumped both in surprise at the gesture, and at the simultaneous growls of both her primos. After sharing a quick goodbye and making their way home, Antonio cut through the silence between the three of them.

“Mira, what were you talking about to Diego?”

“Nothing, Toñito. We just bumped into each other and said hello.”

“Could have fooled me,” Camilo snorted, rolling his eyes, “It seemed like he had something important to say to you.”

“He said he did, but I doubt it,” Mirabel said, shaking her head, “If he did, he would have kept talking.”

There was another brief moment of silence, before the youngest spoke again, “Are you going to leave when you find a mate, Prima?”

The question seemed to freeze both the elders. Mirabel frowned as Camilo seemed just as anxious about the answer as Antonio did.

“Never, Toñito. Even if I did, I would never leave our family,” Mirabel responded, giving a gentle ruffle of Antonio’s hair, “You are all stuck with me, regardless of what happens.”

That seemed to placate the younger of the brothers, but Camilo still seemed unsure. He didn’t make much of a fuss, seemingly deep in thought as they made their way home for the night.

Before she knew it, thankfully, it was her birthday. She woke up like any other day, Casita helping her prepare. She spent time with her family, enjoyed some special treats from her mama, and received a few birthday gifts: Yarn, flowers, some very fine fabric that her mama not very subtly hinted should be used for her wedding gown, but most important of all, a shawl from her dear older primo. Looking at the handiwork she can tell it was made by him. It was a bright teal with butterflies along the ends, obviously done by Abuela if the change in craftsmanship was anything to go by.

However, it was very prized regardless.

The party nor the day wasn’t as large as one would think, but presentation day was meant to be intimate with those you trusted. It was a day with your pack before they stood guard around you at your weakest. Mirabel would often help her mother make sure her sisters were well fed and kept hydrated.

The day stretched on into the night, and so far Mirabel felt... fine. She didn’t feel queasy, her family’s comforting scents offsetting her anxiety. As she was escorted to her room for the night by her parents, she slowly felt her nerves creeping up as she still felt none of the tell tale signs. As she laid in bed that night, waiting for what may come, she prayed that she wouldn’t be the odd one out yet again.

The day after, her mother brought her food. Mirabel simply sat on her bed, hugging her knees to her chest, dark circles under her eyes. Julieta kissed her daughter's forehead, telling her it's not always immediate, and how she had presented a day later than Pepa.

The second day, Abuela had come to bring her food. After she checked Mirabel's temperature, she sat down on the bed next to the frizzled girl.

"It's okay if nothing happens. I will love you, no matter what."

Mirabel choked out an 'I know,' before tears welled in her eyes. After she had calmed down with the help of Abuela, she managed to finally fall asleep, exhausted with the onset of emotions and lack of proper rest.

On the third day, she felt restless yet again. However, this wasn't one fueled by her nervousness and anxiety. It was almost energizing. She started out by making her bed and cleaning some of her clothing, as well as dusting off several areas of her room. That day, Dolores came by to check on her, eyes wide when she saw Mirabel humming to herself as she cleaned to distract herself.

"You seem to be chipper. How are you feeling?" The older woman asked, watching intently.

"I'm feeling fine. Nothing is going to happen at this rate, so I might as well make the best of being protected by everyone," Mirabel said, snagging one of the items off the plate Dolores held.

Dolores smiled at her prima, setting the plate down and pulling her into a hug, "I'm glad you're doing well. I was worried."

After a small discussion on what Mirabel had plans for and the teasing of courtship gifts that Dolores overheard Abuela talking about, Dolores promised to come by the next day when she saw them.

Dolores closed the door behind her as she left Mirabel's room, looking over to where she saw her hermano, his green eyes glinting in the lower light of the hall. She walked past him, very softly whispering as she brushed past him.

“It's time.”

~

Camilo Madrigal was vastly more patient than people made him out to be. It's what helped him handle his mother and the village children, and what made the tricks and pranks he pulled so much better.

Which is why he thought waiting for his beloved prima would pay off handsomely.

Camilo doesn't remember the first time he realized he was in love with his precious mariposa. He always knew he loved her (of course he did, she was his prima), but being in love was another facet altogether.

It may have been when he comforted her after her gift ceremony, hugging her close as she sobbed and vowing that he would never change how he saw her. Maybe it was when they were eleven and he realized how good Mirabel was with his infant brother, and he wondered what kind of mother she would be. He remembers the burning sensation in his gut at the vision of his best friend with children of her own, with a faceless, unknown man.

He knew he had suspicions when Dolores had told him that a group of village boys had been harassing his dear Mira. After Luisa had made a very vicious point to them about messing with her hermana, Camilo decided to follow up with all the poison he could muster to drive the point in. When one of the boys teased him about his crush, he proceeded to shift into the most terrifying person he could (*'Lo siento, tío Bruno'*) to frighten them all into silence.

After that, his hermana had approached him before bed, whispering in a conspiratorial tone. She offered a trade: Help her break up Isabela and Mariano by messing with Isa, and in return, Dolores would be his ears once he had his eyes on a potential mate.

Camilo would be lying to himself if he said he wouldn't have done it regardless. He would mess with Isa for a twig and a day old arepa. However, he realized this was a good trade to make.

To this day, he's glad he made that deal.

His father was a model alpha-Strong, gentle, and kind. He was a perfect fit for his emotional mother, always striving to provide safety and protection from her own storms. He was an exemplary father, always honest and encouraging to his children. Although it was never seen, apparently Felix was also quite the strong fighter, but he had such a warm and laid back attitude that Felix didn't need to prove it. Camilo knew he wanted to be an alpha like his papa, and followed his father's teachings closely. He learned how to soothe an emotional omega, how to provide for them, and how to keep a cool head when solving disputes rather than violently react like many an alpha would (though, to be fair, he started his fair share from time to time as a mischievous kid).

Camilo was always positive on how he would present. Despite being slightly more willowy than most young alphas would be and being much more nurturing and gentle, he always had a drive to do the most. When playing with those his age, he wasn't afraid to use his gift to the fullest potential to establish how much better he was. He fine tuned his gift to the point he probably had the best control amongst his family. He took on many tasks to provide for the whole community to make his family proud. He strove to be the best version of himself, even if it included being a better version of others.

This drive included him having the best mate.

And in his eyes, Mirabel was *perfect* .

Warm, kind, sweet Mirabel had that same desire to do the most. Because of her giftlessness, the community and family seemed to almost shutter her out. This failed to stop her from putting on a brave face and a kind heart to the village. Every day she did what she could despite all the pain she went through. Even if Camilo couldn't help as much as he wanted, especially at night when she'd cry (at least, that's what Dolores told him), he did what he could. He made an extra effort to keep that smile on her beautiful face, to keep that light in her eyes no matter how hard the world seemed to want to snuff it out. In turn, she seemed to always see Camilo as he was, rather than who he could become. She never told him to

change for anything, and even with his scent blocker and his best shifting, she seemed to pick him from a line up.

At least when she wasn't distracted by something else, like the fading magic debacle.

Camilo never wanted her to be distracted from him.

His mariposa was talented, kind, humble, and so beautiful. What was a childish crush never went away as they grew up together, striving in their own ways. He watched as she grew strong and beautiful despite what was thrown her way, developing into a curvaceous, brilliant young woman with a contagious smile and thick shoulder length curls.

Therefore, she was perfect for him.

He was absolutely positive about his decision when the Casita fell. He remembers the panic, the confusion, and the heartbreak as he looked for his prima, desperately trying to catch her strawberry scent amongst all the dust and debris. When she came back to him, to their family, it's almost like the light of day shone from within her.

Like she herself was the miracle.

At that point, he knew he had to stake his claim starting then and there.

So the first step was to go to Dolores. Right after she finally got with Mariano and the magic returned to the family, he managed to get her alone to discuss her end of their deal.

"Now that you have your man meat, I've come to discuss your payment," Camilo said as he leaned over the table, in a dramatic pose with his fingertips touching and his elbows on the table. Dolores, who sat across from him, raised her eyebrow at him.

“So you’ve already made your choice for a mate? It seems too soon for that. How are you so sure? About yours and their dynamic?” Dolores responded, her eyes sharp.

For a moment, Camilo faltered. His hermana had a strong point; How was he so sure? How was he so sure he’d be an alpha?

How was he so sure Mira would be an omega?

Mirabel’s parents were an omega and a Beta. They beat the odds and had an alpha daughter, an extremely uncommon occurrence. Camilo strongly doubted that Mirabel would present alpha, but she could be either omega or Beta.

Alpha and Beta pairings are rather rare pairings, with a lot of prejudice depending on the primary sexes. If Camilo presented as an alpha, and Mirabel presented Beta, there wouldn’t be much judgment.

It simply wasn’t satisfactory for the shapeshifter.

Betas cannot mark nor be marked. Any scenting with a mate had to be constant, which Camilo wouldn’t mind if Abuela wasn’t planning on making Mirabel the next overseer of the Madrigal household. This meant that Mirabel would be very busy and that the moment Camilo’s scent disappeared, someone may take that chance to challenge his claim.

Betas also had a slightly lower fertility rate than omegas, which also put a damper on that option. Camilo may not particularly like Mariano, but something both men shared was their desire for large families.

Regardless of the seed of doubt Dolores planted in Camilo’s head, the shapeshifter continued to speak, “I want you to listen after Mira.”

The tea Camilo prepared for the two of them almost ended up taking out his beloved hermana as she choked. After a minute of catching her breath, she stared at her partner in crime with a

shocked expression.

“If I didn’t have supernatural hearing, I would ask you to repeat yourself.”

“It’s a good thing you do, then.”

“You really intend to mate with Mirabel? Despite everything?”

“Because of everything, actually,” The teen responded, picking up his own tea to take a sip.

“What makes you think you’ll succeed? You would have so much more success pursuing literally anyone else. Ay Dios Mio, You’d have more success mating with Isabela!” Dolores pressed with a whispery hiss.

“But then it wouldn’t be as worth it,” Camilo countered, eyes narrowing, “You would know. I went with your plan to the point of causing the engagement to fail by passing that message to papa. All I ask is for you to listen out for Mirabel. If anyone even dreams about receiving a courting gift from her, I want to know.”

“Camilo...,” Dolores sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose, as if she was getting a headache, “I will help you. Firstly because I do owe you. However, I am also doing this because you are my hermano and Mirabel is my dear prima. I want the best for both of you and if you think this is it, I will do what I can. However, I cannot tell you how much you need to talk to Abuela and Tia Julieta.”

“I will, I promise,” Camilo reassured her, “But until then, please keep your ears open.”

And so, with Dolores’s words in his mind, he began planning.

His first move was to get the rest of the family on his page, starting with his Abuela.

Even though their responsibilities around the village had become much less, there were still instances where they would be rather busy. Camilo waited until Mirabel had been sent out on a few tasks on her own whilst he was home to seek out their grandmother.

“Well, this is quite the surprise. You don’t come to visit me often unless you’ve caused some mischief,” the elder woman jokes, sitting Camilo down in front of her with a light hearted smile. After Casita was rebuilt, she seemed a lot less intense, her smile appearing more genuine. Camilo was a bit hesitant to accept that she had fully grasped whatever she and Mirabel had discussed, but he was going to trust Mirabel when she said she thought things would be much better.

“I was hoping to talk to you about something that may cause mischief so you’re prepared,” The shapeshifter joked back. Abuela looked rather surprised, shifting in her seat.

“What did you want to talk about?”

Camilo’s nerves tingled sharply, before he took a deep breath.

“I want to ask your blessing to mate and marry Mirabel.”

Abuela was put back by the request. First cousins being mates and marrying wasn’t exactly the most out of place thing. Infact, her own grandparents were cousins. However, there was the factor that Camilo was bringing this up so early before their presentations, and after such a traumatic experience for everyone. Part of her wondered if this was some sort of hysterical bonding.

“... Camilo, why do you wish to mate with Mirabel?” She asked, her tone unsure, “I know we almost lost her, but she’s still here with us, and will be for a while yet.”

“Abuela, it’s not like that. I really do love her, and I don’t think I could handle seeing her with anyone else.”

Because deep inside, he knew he couldn't.

"I cannot agree-," Abuela pauses in shock at the dark growl, before leveling her perfected stern look at the teenager, "At least for now."

"But Abuela--"

"I think we can all agree that I've done enough decision making for Mirabel. I do think that you two would be a good match, but I want her to make her own decisions, especially pertaining to something as big as this," She said, a stern bite in her voice.

Once again, there was a seed of doubt. Was Camilo limiting his beloved prima, right as she was finally finding her own place?

"It's best if Mirabel makes her own choice in a mate. I trust she'll make a good one," Abuela continued, "Regardless of her presentation. You are also my grandson, so you'll always have my blessing and help, but I think you're pushing too early for something this far ahead. It's three years before you two present, and anything can happen. Keep that in mind."

Abuela said this with a tone of finality. It was a lukewarm response at best, but not a definitive shut down. He could work with this.

Next he approached both of their parents, sitting them all down and explaining his intention to court his prima. Once he was finished explaining, his father was the first one to speak, but not to Camilo.

"HA! Pay up, Agustin!"

The shapeshifter reeled back as Agustin groaned, head in his hands as Julieta laughed. Clouds formed over Pepa's Head, but they kept swirling from a pleasant white to a mild gray.

“Ay Dios Mio, you couldn’t have waited a few more years?” Agustin said, pulling out his wallet as Felix held out his hand. Camilo’s brow furrowed before his mama took his hand.

“Your papa and tío had a bet going on for a while now,” She explained as Julieta wrapped her arms around her downtrodden husband, “Agustin thought you wouldn’t have asked this until after you two had presented, but your papa said you’re too clever to wait that long.”

Part of Camilo was proud his father knew him so well, but the bigger fact of the matter was-“Both of you thought I would ask for permission to court Mirabel?”

“Si. You aren’t exactly the most subtle star in the sky, mijo,” Felix said, tucking the money away and walking over to give a firm pat on his son’s back, “It was obvious after seeing how you looked at her while you two babysat Toñito.”

“Honestly, it was rather adorable,” Julieta said, giving Agustin a kiss on the cheek.

“I honestly believed I had at least a few more years left before I had to start giving the shovel talk,” Agustin mourned, “Least of all to my own sobrino!”

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” Pepa said, the clouds disappearing from around her, “After all, I think Camilo knows better than anyone how he should treat his prima.”

It finally felt like someone was in his corner, and lifted a weight on his shoulders as his tía turned to him, “I trust you’re not doing this blindly, sobrino. Even I’m not absolutely sure what Mira will present as, but I’m positive you’d be a good alpha to her. Just do your best, and I’m sure the rest will fall into place.”

“All I ask is that you don’t force anything on her,” Agustin cut in, grabbing Julieta’s hand, “After everything that she’s gone through, she deserves to be listened to.”

Camilo couldn't agree more.

As the years went on, Camilo did very subtle acts of courting- escorting Mirabel when performing tasks, trailing his scent on her in ways that were the slightest bit more intimate than family, but not enough to sound alarms, and giving her small gifts, including a tie with a butterfly charm on it once her hair was getting just the slightest bit too long to just leave be.

He kept an eye out on her, and more importantly those that approached her. Dolores would often tell him when she heard anything pertaining to interest for Mirabel's presentation. While the instances were too many to count, there was a small collection of names that kept reappearing.

Names that pissed Camilo off.

Armando Ruiz

Gabriel Santiago

Diego Hernandez

There was also even a young woman who was caught up in Mirabel's charm and aura, but at least she didn't bully her crush when they were younger.

Camilo couldn't ever forget the pendejos that kicked his prima when she was down, sometimes even physically. Given the small community, it wasn't hard to know who they were. They were the proud sons of tradesmen, well on their ways to be alphas. It seemed that after she had saved them all that they finally seemed to realize how special she was, and no longer viewed her as less than. Dolores would often relay their rather crude discussions they apparently shared about his intended, then have to rein him in.

The girl, Yosenia, wasn't much of a threat, especially after she presented as a beta a year prior to Camilo's presentation.

Camilo's presentation was *hell* . He was constantly hot, his nerves high strung and everything smelled so strongly. He rutted into his hands and the sheets of his bed, chanting a single name over and over again.

"Mira, Mirabel, Mi Vida..."

As soon as the rut passed, even Antonio, who was still learning to differentiate scents and their emotions, seemed to cower for a bit with how strong his hermano's pheromones were.

Felix seemed almost too proud that he was such a strong alpha, but immediately taught his son to subdue it to a more gentle air, so as to not scare his mariposa.

Was Camilo shocked to see so many offers? Not really. He was a Madrigal, and he would call himself attractive. He would playfully flirt from time to time to mess with others, but was wholeheartedly devoted to his prima.

The issue was nothing was from his beloved.

It was a blow to his ego, enough so that he deemed all the other gifts unworthy to him.

He only had one person in mind.

He had decided to take Mirabel to return the offers as both a sign of rejection and a sign of choice. He chose her above everyone else, despite not receiving an offer from her.

He thought it was a clear sign, yet his darling had insinuated that he had someone else in mind, and when he teased back her scent became sad.

Sad that he had eyes for another.

That had to be a sign, right?

This would be perfect for her presentation a few months later.

That's when the real fight began.

The year prior, the names on Dolores's list had all also presented as alphas, and all had been working rather diligently on their courting gifts. All of them, like Camilo, were absolutely convinced of Mirabel's status as omega. One of them was even so bold to go to Abuela *and* tío Bruno about it.

To be fair, Diego was always the ringleader. The burly son of the carpenter, he always made Camilo's hair stand up since they were young. They almost never got along, especially since Diego had a tendency to treat the other children of the village poorly, a habit that was consistent through the years.

Dolores let it slip that he was actually extremely fond of Mirabel. Diego confided to Abuela that he thought as a child that he needed all of Mirabel's attention in the worst way if necessary. He wanted to make amends and ask for permission to mate with Mirabel.

Jump in line.

What's worse is that Diego approached their tío Bruno to ask for a prophecy, if he even had a chance.

Bruno had decided to do so, curious for himself.

And it was a double sided vision. The bastard had a *chance* .

That also meant a chance to fail, though. *How tragic.*

This really lit a fire underneath Camilo, who had been biding his time for the most part. All his work would be for nothing if the other alpha got in the way.

So Camilo began to linger more around his prima, leaving his scent on her, distracting her with helping him on his duties on top of hers. He recalled an old wives tale that if you stimulate an unpresented person with the right genetics with alpha pheromones or a child to care for, it can tip the scales one way or another for presentation.

Therefore, Camilo stayed close to Mirabel, gently coaxing his scent towards her, keeping her around Antonio, who she always had an affinity for, and keeping her away from Diego.

But their space was only so big.

Camilo and Dolores talked to each other under the shade of a building on a particularly hot day, casually chatting as they kept an eye on the village.

“I’m not sure about others, but Armando has finished his gift. His mother helped him make a carved candle that took a while to get right. Gabriel has impressed me the most, so far, because he’s actually made her a dress.”

Both were rather impressive gifts for courtship. Their intent spoke clearly, even if Camilo still hadn’t seen them.

“And Diego?”

“... He’s made a small model home. It’s rather intricate from what I’ve heard from his mutterings.”

Oh hell no.

“He really thinks he can take our Mirabel away? He’s gotten cocky,” Camilo snorted, rolling his eyes and crossing his arms.

“Camilo, don’t act like you haven’t been cocky for the past three years. I had hoped you wouldn’t be threatened by anyone.”

“I’m not threatened,” Camilo snapped, “Trust me, I have the best gift of all.”

“I don’t know, these are pretty impressive courtship offers,” Dolores responded, unbothered.

As Camilo was going to retort, he saw Antonio coming towards him on his jaguar and froze.

“Tonio, where’s Mira? I thought you were with her.”

“I lost her when we were playing tag,” Antonio said as he got off his Jaguar.

Camilo’s chest seized. Mirabel was alone, with no eyes on her. However, he refused to lose his cool and only grabbed the kid’s shoulder, kneeling down to see him eye to eye.

“Antonio, do you know where you lost her? Can you lead me to her?” He asked. Antonio nodded and in a rush, was on his hermano’s back, leading him to Mirabel.

The sight of Diego talking to a reluctant Mirabel was literally the worst case scenario. Mirabel seemed to remember him and immediately made to pull away from him, before he offered his arms as if asking to escort her.

Part of Camilo couldn’t help but think about how wrong they looked together. Diego was too burly and ugly, too rugged for someone as soft and beautiful as Mirabel. Biting his tongue, he decided to not let this go too far.

The oaf wasn't too happy about it, and almost seemed to challenge Camilo by releasing his smokey pheromones. However, he failed to realize that Mirabel always put her family first. Part of him was overjoyed she immediately agreed, but unfortunately Mira was not without manners.

Camilo smelt Antonio's grassy scent turn sour with anxiety as Diego grabbed Mirabel's hand and squeezed it, likely to leave the slightest bit of scent on her. He couldn't help but feel the same, but refused to let the other alpha know his fear.

As they walked back to the Casita, Antonio asked all the right questions. At least, the right questions to keep Camilo's frazzled nerves at bay. He did not care what tío Bruno's vision said, like *hell* he could have let that conversation gone any further. Even now, he hated that Mirabel's pure, sweet scent was tainted with the acrid smell of smoke.

Are you going to leave when you find a mate, prima?

Never, Toñito. Even if I did, I would never leave our family. You are all stuck with me, regardless of what happens.

She could say that again.

The remaining week was spent on final touches. His Abuela helped him with a birthday gift for Mirabel, as he simply didn't have the skill that her or Mira did for handmade items. Behind closed doors, he worked hard on his courting gift, the only other person aware of it being his father, who was his biggest support after all this time.

Camilo was, after all, a theatrical person at heart. He wanted to surprise everyone when he unveiled the fruits of his labor.

The night of her presentation day, Camilo couldn't help but jitter in excitement as his amor happily accepted his gift, not commenting on the messy work and immediately wearing it around. Mirabel looked radiant as the night carried on, to the moment she vanished from his

sight. Briefly afterwards, he made his way outside the front door, admiring the engraved image of Mirabel with their family. He looked down to where the suitors had left their courtship gifts, all with notes of their declarations. Like Dolores said, there was a candle with a fantastical image Mirabel carved into it, a bag that held the dress, and...

That stupid model house. Even Camilo could tell it was made in spectacular detail, and had to admit it was beautiful. However, he also had the urge to smash it.

There were other gifts in the mix, leading to a count of 7 gifts in total that the shapeshifter could see. However, none were as bold as Diego's.

Or his.

He gingerly set the small box on top of all the gifts, with no note tied to it.

She'll figure out who it's from soon enough.

For the few days after her party, Camilo prowled the area, his pheromones on the fritz it seems. Even his Abuela gave him a stern look just about every time she caught him essentially pacing in front of the poor girl's door. His instincts itched at him, telling him to protect the area, despite being in a house full of magical people that's already well guarded.

As he paced, part of Camilo panicked. Did he fail? Was what he heard truly just a myth? Despite all his preparations, would he have to keep a watchful eye on Mirabel, just when she was finally expressing a sense of freedom? Will she choose someone else in the end regardless?

The pacing helped him, even if he was shooed away before anyone went into her room with food and water. The rooms were both luckily and unfortunately scent proofed and sound proofed, so he could never tell exactly what was happening until he came across tía Julieta and Abuela after they saw Mirabel, both smelling just like themselves with a scent of slightly soured strawberries, a sign of a distressed Mirabel that drove Camilo's protective instincts *wild*.

Until finally, on the third day, Dolores came out of Mirabel's room. From the scent that escaped the door, Mirabel's strawberry scent was laced with another note- something fresh that reminded him of morning dew. Dolores had a knowing look on her face, and had let him know that it was time.

Mirabel was nesting.

Her body was reacting, and more importantly, it was calling to him as a *compatible* mate.

It's time.

~

During the fourth day, Mirabel felt a bit colder than usual with a bout of lightheadedness. The bed felt stiff, and she didn't feel like her room was clean enough. That being said, she still stood and got ready to clean, Casita being a great help as it helped lift areas that were hard to clean beneath. By the time she had cleaned under her sewing machine and the rocking chair and was working under her bed after stripping it, a knock was at the door.

"Come in!" She called out, narrowly avoiding hitting her head on the bed frame. Dolores came in, a plate piled high with food and some water. The food, as well as Dolores's bright scent lemon and vanilla was strong, but brought comfort to the younger girl.

"*Buenos Dias* , Prima. You seem to be in a good mood still," Dolores said, setting the food down. Mirabel's stomach rumbled loudly, so she immediately made a beeline for the food.

"Mhmm," Mirabel grunted out around the food, "Just a few more days. I think I might be getting sick."

"Nothing tía Julieta's food can't fix, right?" Dolores said, eyeing Mirabel rather intently. Mirabel pauses mid bite, looking down at the food. Her chills and dizziness were still there, however mild it was.

She looked up at her older prima, "...Maybe it's just one of those things I'm thinking about too much."

"It almost seems like you're nesting, Mirabel," Dolores said, gesturing to the near spotless room, "That's a sign of presentation. And not just any kind of presentation- your instincts have found a compatible mate to show off to."

"I think you're looking too much into it, Dolores," Mirabel said with scoff, finishing off her food with gusto, "I have been putting off cleaning for a while and now that I have to see it all day, I realize how much I need to do it."

Dolores crosses her arms with a raised brow, but Mirabel was quick to move the subject.

"Have you heard about the gifts I received? Did I receive any?"

"Hm? Oh yes. A good handful, from what I heard. There's even a choker."

Mirabel's breath caught. When courtship gifts were given, they were even given with the idea of intent. When her Papa gave food to her Mama, it was with the intent to show he wanted to provide and nurture her, just as she did him when they were younger. When Felix gave that custom canopy to Pepa, it was with the intent of providing shelter and safety. When she made the blanket for Camilo, her intent was warmth and comfort. A choker's intent was often that of extreme commitment and promise. It was a bold move to give that as a proposition gift, and was only given to those with intent to mate and marry almost immediately. In fact, it was usually given *with* a mark.

One wouldn't give that unless they were extremely close with the receiver, if they were already courting up to that point.

"D-Do you know who gave it?" Mirabel said, her mouth dry. She couldn't think of anyone who would.

“I don’t. I think Abuela and tía Julieta were just as shocked as you,” Dolores said, clasping her hands, “But I’ll keep an ear out. Do you need anything else?”

“I think Casita and I can handle it. I’m a bit hungrier than usual, so can you nab an extra plate for dinner?”

“Of course, of course. I’ll see you later, then?” Dolores said, already heading for the door with the empty plate.

“Have a good day, prima!” Mirabel said, turning to the bed, “Now, what to do with you?”

A couple hours later, Mirabel admired her work. She layered one of her thicker blankets beneath the sheets to add a bit of softness, as well as another blanket on top of her other one to add warmth, especially since her chills persisted. However, despite the design and testing to get it right, something felt like it was missing.

“It should be fine, right, Casita?” Mirabel asked. After a moment, something rolled to her feet. When Mirabel looked down, she froze.

It was the blanket she hid away months back after failing to present it to Camilo when he presented. The bright yellow yarn looked undeniably soft, and as Mirabel picked it up, she ran her hand across it.

“It’s not like he’ll ever see it, right?”

After adding it on top, Mirabel finally felt satisfied. The bed looked so comfortable that she almost wanted to rest in it right now. It was still fairly light outside, but it wasn’t like she had much else to do today...

After changing into her nightgown and taking off her glasses, Mirabel curled beneath the yellow blanket, and almost immediately got lulled into a nap.

The next time her eyes opened, her room was casted in a golden light. There was a knock at the door, making the young woman sit up and put on her glasses, her voice groggy, “Come in...”

“Are you still hungry?,” Dolores asked, walking through the door with a plate of food, closing the door behind her.

“A bit... just leave it-,” Mirabel paused. She looked over at Dolores with a squint, “Camilo, why are you acting like Dolores?”

“Damn,” Camilo said, shifting back to himself, “I thought I had you for a second.”

“Even if I didn’t know it was you, your scent would give you away,” Mirabel responded as she cracked a smile, standing up and shedding the blanket. It was then she froze, and came close to Camilo, “I will go ahead and take that food, then.” However, it was too late. Camilo’s eyes were on the blanket.

“Nice blanket,” He said, an inquisitive look on his face, “I never knew yellow was your color.”

“I just had a lot of yellow yarn.”

Camilo set down the food at Mirabel’s desk and brushed past her, picking up the blanket to look at it, “It looks like it’s something more in line with my tastes, down to the designs.”

“Well, regardless, I...,” Mirabel branched off as she walked over to take the blanket from Camilo’s grasp. Her eyes became unfocused despite the glasses on her face. She all of a sudden felt a flash of heat go down her spine as it seemed like the scent of Camilo was so much heavier, yet addictive. Her brain fizzled for a second, before realization lit up.

Isabela and Dolores described their presentation in different ways. For Isabela, it was hot, miserable, and uncomfortable. Dolores shared the heated aspect, but she called it thrilling and overwhelming. Mirabel thought intensely back to those conversations-the heat, the growing sensitivity to smell, the discomfort in her loins...

“Camilo, you should probably leave.”

“Leave?”

“I’m not feeling so well all of a sudden. Please, I don’t think you should be here,” Mirabel begged, feeling weakened by the waves of arousal rolling through her body. She got up to lead her primo to the door, but was stopped quickly by Camilo’s firm, gentle, *warm* grip on her wrist. All of a sudden, she was pulled back into a broad chest with a long arm snaking around her waist.

“Actually, I think I’m right where I need to be,” Camilo muttered in her ear, running his thumb over the scent gland on her wrist. The slight growl in his voice shook Mirabel’s core, and intensified the heat pooling between her legs.

However, as much as she wanted to get lost in the warmth and the feeling of her primo’s strong arms, her anxiety still fought the haze.

“N-no, ‘Milo,” She started, feeling the alpha tense behind her, “You-you are only saying that because of the heat. You don’t w-“

“Mira, Mi Vida,” The shapeshifter whispered, leaning his head in the crook of her neck, “Please, Don’t think so lowly of me. I’ve wanted this for so long.”

Mirabel froze as Camilo pressed soft open mouth kisses along her shoulder, before stopping at the scent gland on her neck, softly growling again, “I’ve *waited* for this. Even if you didn’t present, I would still be doing this. *Te amo muchísimo, mi mariposa* .”

Right as Mirabel was about to respond, Camilo took this opportunity to gently bite on her scent gland. Not enough to break skin or even leave a bruise, but just enough to tease his intent. Mirabel's legs betrayed her, giving out as her whole body seemed to pulse. As she went soft, she let out a (rather embarrassing) rasping moan. Luckily, Camilo's arm around her did well to support her. Letting go of her wrist, he leaned down to swipe his other arm at the back of her legs, scooping her up. Mirabel let out a small shriek, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck as her head spun.

When did he get so strong?

Camilo walked back over to the bed, and set Mirabel down like she was something precious. He couldn't pull away due to the grip Mirabel had on him, so he shifted with her so he was on top of her, propped up on his forearms. A few longer curls came loose from his ponytail, tickling Mirabel's face as he leaned down to bump foreheads with her after removing her glasses and setting them aside. His eyes shone in a way that really thrilled Mirabel, as she admired his profile to distract herself from the tease of his lips so close to hers.

"Mira, it's always been you. You're all I've wanted. Please don't reject me, after all I've done to be able to have this chance. I want to wake up in this nest tomorrow and kiss you awake. I want to wake up next to you every day. I want to stand by you when you take the lead of the family and of the village. I want kids with your smile and eyes. I want everything, if you'll have me. Please, mi amor- "

As her primo continued to babble, Mirabel's eyes welled up as she took in the sincerity and the warmth in his declaration. She may have been a hormonal mess, but it really was everything she ever wanted. Mid sentence, she pulled him down from the hold she had on his neck, and pressed her lips to his.

It was now the shapeshifter's turn to be surprised. After a moment he melted into the kiss, gently coaxing Mirabel to open her mouth and caress her tongue with his. His left hand slowly moved to one of the curls closest to his hand and began twirling it round his fingers as he got lost in everything Mirabel was.

After a few moments, the two teens pulled back for air, clouded with their combined scents. Mirabel's hands slid to caress Camilo's face, her eyes half lidded and cheeks flushed.

“Then give me everything.”

Camilo didn't need to be told twice.

He gave her one more gentle kiss on the lips, before slowly moving down her neck, giving gentle, yet playful nibbles as he made his way down to her collar bone, leaning on his right forearm as his left hand untangles itself from her hair to play with the hem of her nightgown, groping at her thigh and slowly creeping up, thumb coming to caress the scent glands on her inner thigh.

“Mi-Milo,” Mirabel whined *oh so pretty*, reaching down to grab at Camilo's ruana, “Stop teasing me like this!”

“Like what?” Camilo asked innocently, the twinkle in his eye mischievous. Mirabel huffed, although the sight did help ground her- this was her still best friend, the same primo she knew, grew up with, and loved so much. It told her that this was reality. They weren't just an alpha and an omega caught up in their base instincts.

However, as much as she loved him, her raging surge of hormones cut her patience almost directly in half.

Taking a deep breath, Mira firmly grabbed Camilo's ruana and pulled him up to her face, kissing him. She maneuvered the taller man to sit up and crawled onto his lap, wrapping her legs around his lean waist. Her primo immediately responded by grabbing at her ass and pulling her closer, her wet heat grinding against his erection. It set the two on fire, causing them to split apart, a thin strand of saliva connecting the two of them.

“Off, please, primo,” Mirabel moaned, tugging at his ruana and shirt. Camilo, unable to deny her anything, pulled away the slightest bit to peel off the offending piece of clothing, only to have Mirabel's hands chase the fabric, feeling the skin revealed to her. This made him shiver as her hands smoothed the way up his leanly muscled torso to once again caress his face to press their lips together in chaste kisses.

“ *Tan guapo* ,” Mirabel whispered, a small smile on her face as she pulled back to look at Camilo, his hair now barely held back from the hair tie and falling into his face. The flush on his dazed expression only added just how real this was to Mirabel, and made it better than she could have even dreamed.

Camilo snaked his hands underneath her nightgown and slowly trailed his hands up her body, reveling in the softness of her curves and the warmth her heat stricken skin provided. Finally they both pulled off the offending fabric, leaving Mirabel in only her panties and Camilo in his trousers, which were ruined already from the slice Mirabel was producing.

As the sun finally set from the way it was finally becoming darker, and the chill of night began to come in. As Mirabel shivered, Camilo once again pinned her down to bury his face in her bosom, his hands creeping her ass up her sides, his fingertips digging into the healthy softness in the curves her body possesses. Finally coming to her breasts, Camilo ran his thumbs along her nipples, flicking his nails right after the soothing movement. Mirabel cried out quite loudly, her body shooting up in ecstasy.

“Milo! *P-Por favor* !” She cried out, fingers threading into his curly hair as he kissed between her breasts, making the hair tie failing to hold it together fall out entirely. Camilo quickly made his way down her pudgy stomach, admiring how her dark olive skin looked in the budding moonlight, before sliding his hands back down to hold her hips to the bed as he came to the source of the sugary sweet smell that was driving him wild.

The smell of strawberries and morning dew was strong and addicting. His fingertips played with the hem of the undergarments before he looked up at his prima, who already looked *wrecked* . Biting her lip, Mirabel nodded, her hands shaking as she very slightly tightened her grip in his thick hair.

Camilo pulled the delicate drenched fabric down her legs, and immediately dove in the second they were off, his hands coming back up to her hips, thumbs gently spreading her labia as he lapped up what he could of her slick. He gave a deep, guttural moan that shook through the omega, making her gasp.

Camilo ate her out like she was the only source of water for miles around. His grip on her left bruises as he ran his tongue through her folds, coming up to suck on her clit. Mirabel’s moans pitched rather high as she rolled her hips with the movement, having to be held down by her

primo. He moved one of his hands to insert a finger, then two as slick continued to flow from his mariposa.

Camilo felt the tension in her abdomen as her cries grew more desperate, and immediately assumed she was close. With a mischievous grin he pulled away, wiping his face on the back of his hand as Mirabel let out an annoyed sound and tugged at Camilo's hair.

“Milo! I was so close!” She whined, pouting.

“Oh, I know,” Camilo started, undoing his trousers, “But if you're going to cum, I want to feel it on my knot.” At that, his cock sprung from his trousers as he pulled them down and off.

Mirabel's eyes widened as she caught sight of him. From her mother's words from the sex talk when she was younger, she knew alphas were always supposed to have larger penises, but she really was not prepared. It was about long and thick, and she could see the knot at the base beginning to swell. Her heart pounded in her ears as she sat up to meet Camilo halfway to kiss, one hand wrapped around the back of his neck while the other grabbed his erection, grinding it against her heated wet core. They drank in each other's moans as they grinded close.

The head of Camilo's cock caught on Mirabel's pussy, causing both to pull away to give soft moans. Camilo wrapped his arms around her waist, gently leaning her back in her nest. Once he was sure his beloved was comfortable and safe, his hands sought hers to intertwine their fingers at her sides.

“I'll take it easy, Mi Vida.”

“Milo... Por favor,” was the pleading response he received. Slowly he lowered himself into her tight, hot, velvety cunt, letting out a low grumbling moan in response to her higher pitched cries. Once their hips made contact, they each took a moment to take in the feeling that this was finally happening. Mirabel squeezed his hands, before she untangled her hands to wrap her arms around his neck, “I asked you to give me everything.”

Camilo's patience slipped just a bit. He thrust in slow but strong thrusts, gauging how good the angle was by the moans that left Mirabel. His hands found their way to her thighs, spreading them further open and pressing them against her torso so he could thrust deeper as he dove down to taste the moans escaping her lips.

This change made Mirabel spasm, her fingernails digging into shoulders and raking across the blades. She never felt so full, and as the alpha's thrusts became faster she felt the knot thicken, sliding against her pussy as Camilo pulled his lips off hers to lean his head down in the crook of her neck, where her scent was strongest. He ran his tongue over the gland, his thrusts still gaining speed but not losing power.

"I could mate you right now," Camilo rasped, his nails digging into her thighs, "Place a nice, permanent mating bite right here, where everyone can see it. You'd look so fucking beautiful with a bite and a rounded stomach, full of my child."

Mirabel's chest almost seized as the image fluttered across her mind, and she felt herself get impossibly wetter. Camilo felt her tighten around him and slowed his thrusts, simply gyrating his hips.

"You seem to like that thought, don't you, mi amor?" He asked, with a smirk, "Do you like the thought of having my children? Because I want lots of them. I want so many that Casita can barely hold them all."

"M-me too," The omega responded, holding her alpha close, "Please, I want all the children you can give me. B-breed me-Mark me, 'Milo."

"You beg so sweetly," Camilo responded, picking up his pace again, "But are you sure? I will never let anyone else even think of having you for themselves. You'll be mine as much as I am yours."

Mirabel let another whine out as she shifted her hips as much as she could from her position pinned down, hands fisting in Camilo's hair with a growl, "Mark me, 'Milo! Or I'll mark you first!"

“Ooh, someone’s a little fiery,” Camilo tried to tease, but his hips stuttered at the thought of being marked as well. He was getting so close, his cock throbbing from desire. The room smelled so sweet and heady, his head was spinning. His hands came up to play with her breasts again as he picked his pace back up, pinching her supple breasts as she squeaked.

“I’ve waited since even before my presentation for this; you underneath me, begging for my knot, my mark. Don’t worry, you’ll get all of it,” He said, panting as he drilled into her. His knot had fully inflated, and his thrusts were shallower as to not shove the whole thing in her, but rather tease her with its size. It was becoming harder not to give it all to her. He felt his gums ache with the need to sink his teeth into the soft dark skin of her shoulder.

Finally, everything he had worked up to, all the patience he had until now, snapped into place.

With a feral growl, Camilo lurched forward, his thrust hitting particularly deep into his mate as he locked his jaw around her shoulder, leaving his mark right over her scent gland. His knot slid into her tight heat with the powerful thrust, making his precious omega cry out. The taste of blood and sweat with the taste of strawberries and a beautiful morning made him moan loudly as the molten heat of his stomach released.

Mirabel moaned out with him as the throbbing pain of a mating bite swirled with the immense pleasure of her primo spilling into her, this thick knot locking into her. The hot feeling of his seed triggered something primal within her, and she was still so close. As the flood of euphoric hormones flooded her veins, she tugged hard on Camilo’s thick head of curls, distantly thinking that she wanted a child with his hair. As he dislodged, she used what strength she could to flip the two of them around.

Camilo had the breath knocked out of him as he was on his back mere seconds after he was cumming, the change of position tugging on his knot in a way that sparks of pleasure shot through his nerves. However, the change also gave him the vision of his beautiful prima, flushed and sweaty with wild hair cast in moonlight as she looked down at him with an equally wild look in her brown eyes. She leaned over him in a display of the tables being turned, grinding her hips in circles over his swollen, sensitive knot.

“Remember, Primo, I said I would mark you too.”

The husky promise had the alpha shudder as his hands squeezed the omega's ass, following her motions despite the twinge of painful over sensitivity. He briefly caught her hand coming down to play at her clitoris, but he let out a weak, breathless growl as he smacked it away to replace with his own, gently spreading her opening before stroking the swollen nub firmly in circles with his thumb.

"I told you *I* would make you cum on my knot."

"I-I am. I'm cu-cumming! *Te amo, T-te amo muchisimo!!*" cried out the omega, her body becoming impossibly tighter as she began milking the knot for any cum it could give her. She fell over Camilo as he gave a rough thrust in her, and immediately sank her teeth into his collarbones, marking him as hers, finally tasting that sweet scent of oranges and sweet cinnamon.

Camilo and her both went boneless, the only movements being then wrapping each other in a entangled embrace as they waited for Camilo's raw knot to begin to go down so they could move more comfortably. Camilo's fingers traced patterns only he knew into the small of her back as Mirabel placed small, warm, open mouthed kisses on her alpha's cooling skin. The heat had mostly been handled for now, but she had at least a couple of days before it passed. Part of her worried that Camilo would leave her, but the sting of the open mark was almost reassuring that he really was committed.

She could have stayed like that forever, but eventually after some time, Camilo's knot finally deflated for him to pull out, gently lifting Mirabel who whined pitifully at the loss and the movement to her sore muscles equally. Camilo crooned in response.

As soon as Mirabel caught her breath, she let out a giggle as she propped herself up on Camilo's chest, still tracing shapes on his heated skin, "I can't hope but notice you didn't present me with a courting gift."

Camilo snorted, rolling his eyes as he ran his hand through his mate's hair, "Are you saying my presence isn't enough of a gift?" He then winced as Mirabel playfully pinched his nipple with a giggle, "You're the one who didn't give me mine when I presented."

"Fair enough. You've never been traditional, though, so I don't know what else I should have expected."

“You wound me,” He responded with a pout, before kissing her head, and pulling the blanket over the two of them, “I don’t have it now, but I’ll give it to you tomorrow. I think you’ll love it.”

After all, that chameleon choker he made took quite a while to make.

If you like this you’ll love the absolute legend [miracxmi](#) who was my lovely beta, biggest cheerleader, and the author of [Life of the Party](#) as well as [of love bites and butterflies](#)

End Notes

I would like to say a big thank you to my fellow borny hoi miracxmi once again for just being a good friend and dealing with my brain rot on a constant basis.

I want to also thank my FBI agent who was just pumping straight bangers every time I worked on this with the shuffle feature.

And most of all I want to thank all the readers, whether you love it or hate it. It's all support regardless and I appreciate it more than I can say over a screen.

I am back to hiding in the DMs of others on Twitter because I'm only on Twitter for the messaging capabilities lmao but if you wanna DM me to either scream about Camilo/Mira or square up I'm @PinkPlushAnon lmao

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!